

Behemoth

"Dark Triumph"

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Primeval god finally returns
Comes a sound of triumph
I hear his voice
A dawn of evil prayer
A raise of million hands
Revelation of our dreams

I open my eyes
I'm into the tomb
Feel a touch of cool
Carry beneath the gates

...and now lucifer comes
Rides on the wings of winds
Opens the gates of ancient towns

Leads us to eternal delight
Among the thousand flames
From dark to black again

His eyes are dark and cold
Like northern frost
And icy breath
Is a wind for the faithful

Bring me there
Where daylight never exists
And people live on gloom
Bring me there
Where i will be free
From god's tyranny

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